# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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*"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."*

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### An Old Legend.

King Solomon—so runs the legend old—
Walked with his fav'rite, Asahel, one day,
When in the midst of converse sweet, behold!
A silent, shrouded figure in the way.

Shrinking, the favorite cried with bated breath,
"Who is yon stranger?" Then the King, serene,
"A mighty angel, he, whom men call Death,
Nor know the healing in his touch unseen."

But pallid with affright grew Asahel—
"Oh, save me, Solomon! this very hour
Send me in farthest India to dwell,
That so I may escape Death's awful power."

And Solomon, in pity for his fear,
Granting his wish, coveyed him far away.
But the Death angel questioned, drawing near:
"Who walked with thee, O Solomon, to-day?"

"'Twas Asahel," the King made answer clear.
Then Death, in wonder—"Asahel! and here!
Why, I am bid to bring his soul with me
This night from India's farthest boundary!"
—*E. T. Corbett, in Harper's Bazar.*

### HOW CHARLIE STUCK TO HIS POST.

"O papa, I want to go with you. It is such fun down on the old wharf, and that queer old Sergeant Bader said if I would come again, he would give me some fishline and hooks, and I could catch fish enough for dinner. Do let me go. Can't I?" and Charlie's merry brown eyes looked so eager that it was no use for his father to try to resist him.

So, looking over the breakfast-table to the boy's mother, Captain Douglas asked, "Do you wish him for anything to-day, my dear?"

"No, Arthur; I have nothing for him to-day to do; and as this is his last day of vacation, I think he might go. But do be careful, and do not let him get near any of the convicts. The last time, that horrid man who has so long a time to serve—Hogan, I think you called him—engaged him in quite a long conversation."

Charlie glanced at his mother, with happiness breaking from his eyes, as he said: "I won't speak to any of them, I promise. Thank you, mamma. Thank you, papa. I'll go and get ready," and he left the room to change his clothes and to get Mary, the cook, to put him up a small lunch with his father's.

On a point of land outside the harbor of X, stood an old fort, once one of the strongest in the world, but of little avail in these days of great rifled cannons. So to Captain Douglas had been assigned the disarmament of the fort and removal of its guns. To do the work, a party of ten military convicts, under a guard of three soldiers, had been sent from the great military prison. The work had been going on for some time under charge of old Sergeant Bader, and it required only a visit every few days on the captain's part.

Charlie and his father were soon ready, and reached the fort in about twenty minutes. The gang of convicts were at work slinging an old gun to the axle of an immense cart drawn by eight mules.

The captain reined up alongside, and watched the completion of the job; and as the teamsters whipped up their mules and started off, he beckoned the sergeant to him.

"Well, I see that is the last of the guns on the ground. We shall have to dismount those on the second tier now. Have you the implements all ready?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant; "but will the captain have the ammunition taken away from the casemates where the ten-inch guns are, before taking down the guns?"

"O yes; I forgot about that. Take it out, and put it in the magazine at the north end of the casemate row that we cleared the other day. You will not require all the party, so send three men and one guard upstairs, and I will rig the derrick up there for lowering the guns. You may take the other two guards and seven convicts, and go at the ammunition."

—"Very well, sir; but shall I send Hogan, or keep him with me?"

"Send him above, where I can watch him," replied the captain, as he lifted Charlie out of the cart.

"Carry that box of dynamite upstairs the first thing, and place it on top just outside the tower. It will be safe there, and any way, you can then carry it down to the magazine."

In a few moments more the parties were at work. The sergeant with seven men were taking out boxes packed with grape and canister and shells for the large guns and were carrying them down to the magazine at the end of the casemate row. One guard stood with loaded gun at the end of the first casemate, where the boxes of ammunition lay piled up, and the other stood near the magazine at the other end of the row, so that not a movement could be made by the convicts without being seen.

Upstairs, on top of the fort, the three convicts, one of them being Hogan, were busily engaged under Captain Douglas in rigging up the derrick tackle. A guard stood near by on one side, where he could see them plainly.

For a while Charles stayed down below on the sea-wall, where he could watch the big waves come rolling in from the ocean beyond; but, soon tiring of that, he went upstairs to where his father was. The work went on merrily for a half-hour or so, when the captain, turning to the guard, said: "I am going downstairs for a few moments. Watch these men carefully, and do not let them go near the tower. Stay here, Charlie," and went down to the second floor to see how the work was progressing there.

As he disappeared down the tower, Hogan looked at Charlie, and, grinning at him in his most engaging manner, beckoned to him to come near. Charlie remambered his promise, and at first did not stir; but, Hogan repeating the gestures, he thought that possibly something was the matter, and so, first looking askance at the guard, who nodded his head, he went to the convict without speaking.

"Charlie, will yez be after doin' me a favor, and bring me that lashin-cord ayant there on the gun?"

Surely there was no harm in that; and, running over to the gun on the other side of the fort, he got the cord and brought it to Hogan, who began to fasten together parts of the large rope connected with the derrick.

While he was thus engaged Captain Douglas came upstairs, and had just reached the top when every one was started by a loud call of "Halt! halt!" followed by a shot or two and noise of hurrying and scuffling.

"Watch here, Charlie," called out Captain Douglas, as he rushed downstairs with drawn revolver.

What a sight met his eyes! One of the guards was lying prone and senseless on the floor, while the other one was struggling with three of the convicts, who were trying to wrest his gun and cartridge-belt from him. In the corner of the second casemate the old sergeant with drawn revolver was holding at bay the remaining four convicts, while yelling at the top of his voice for assistance. But he had his back turned towards the struggling sentinel, and was unable to help him without letting his party of four get away.

One sweeping glance revealed the whole situation to the captain, and rushing towards the group struggling with the guard, who in another moment would have wrested his gun from him, he commanded: "Hands up, you scoundrels! Back there, every one of you to that corner!"

Before that powerful voice and commanding figure, whose blazing eyes shone forth with a resolution that could not be withstood, and the cocked revolver that killed with surety, the three convicts backed sullenly till they were united with the four in the corner under sergeant's revolver.

"Load your gun quickly, Robinson, and stand guard over these men. Do not let one of them stir out of the corner, and shoot the first one that rises from the floor. Down all of you on the floor. How did this happen, sergeant?" and the captain, having secured the convicts, went to the prostrate figure of the other guard near the magazine.

"That man Myers, sir, he went up to the guard there, sir, James, and was asking him questions, when Kelly came and hit James over the head with a large grapeshot, and took his gun. The four of them then made a rush on me; but I got the drop on Kelly and shot him in the arm, and he let go of the gun, and I got them all in the corner. The other guard, Robinson, he fired at Kelly also, but missed him; and before he could reload his gun the three of them jumped on him."

While he was talking, the captain examined the unconscious guard, and as the sergeant finished, he said: "This man is badly hurt, I am afraid. He must be taken to the hospital without delay. Is Kelly hurt much?"

"No, sir, much is the pity, sir. Only a scratch. I wish it had a-killed him," replied the sergeant.

"Sergeant, you must take this man to the hospital at once. Take Kelly with you, and have him examined also. And march Myers ahead of you. If he tries to run, kill him without mercy. Robinson, you go along behind the car, and guard both Kelly and Myers. Put this wounded man into the cart, and drive as fast as you can without danger to him. I wil stay until you return. Report to the colonel, bring back two more guards with you. Leave Myers in the guard-house at the post."

Suiting his actions to his words, the captain took his place in the front of the now throughly cowed gang, and ordered Kelly and Myers to rise and step to the front, where they were at once covered by the muzzle of Robinson's loaded gun. The wounded man was carried downstairs, and Robinson and his prisoners followed; but it was not till the cart-wheels had died away that the captain bethought him that he had heard no noise upstairs. The silence was unusual, and calling out loudly, he said: "Charlie, what are you doing up there? Come down here quickly."

"I can't, father," the boy's voice faintly replied. "I am holding these three convicts here. They have tied up the guard, but they dropped his gun over the wall and they can't stir,' cause I said I'd blow them up if they did."

The poor father's heart sunk within him. Unable to leave his present position without the convicts, he could not march them upstairs ahead of him. "Are you safe my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, safe as can be," the boy replied. "They are great cowards, and dare not come near me. I have got two of the dynamite cartridges in my hands; and I told them if they come near this door, I'll throw them down; and I will, too, even if it kills me. You told me to stay here, I wish you would come soon. I feel a little queer," and the manly little voice sounded to the agonized father quite weak and low.

In an instant it all flashed across his mind,—the box of dynamite that he had placed on top for safety, and his boy with the deadly stuff in his hands. From experience, he knew how sick and faint the touch and odor of it made those unused to it. What if his boy should be unable to stand it and should faint, and in falling explode the two sticks he held in his hands? It would blow up the whole fort, convicts and all; but it was not of himself that he thought but of his boy, his pride, who was so dear to his mother. The cold sweat broke out all over him and for an instant or two he was tempted to let his convicts go, and rush himself to his boy's support.

But the soldier instinct at once asserted itself, and with a short and silent prayer to the Almighty, he called out again: "Hold fast, my boy, and don't let them get near you. I can't leave these men here now, but soon the sergeant will be here with more guards. Stick out a little while longer. You are doing bryaely, my little man, and your father is proud of you. You are a soldier's boy, remember."

"I will;" but the voice was not so strong as it was a little while before. How long the hour that followed seemed to the agonized father! Would the sergeant never return? Every little while he called out encouragingly to Charlie, and the boy responded in the same manner, but his voice was growing fainter; and once he said, "My head aches pretty badly."

"Only a few moments more, my boy." And in a few moments more he heard the sound of wheels, and then the quick, huried rush and regular tramp of armed men, the well-known tones of his lieutenant and the steady and quick tread of the soldiers as they came in on double time.

"This way, Halleck; this way, and quickly," he cried.

"All right, captain," responded the lieutenant from below, and the next moment he was bounding up the stairs four at a time, and followed by all the company, who, having heard that their beloved, captain was hurt, had turned out in strength to wreak vengeance on the convicts.

As they entered the casemate, the captain said: "Two men guard these villains; the rest of you follow me." And down the stairs he rushed to the other tower, and up four steps at a bound until he stood on the top.

A glance showed him all;—his brave boy leaning against the tower wall, deathly pale, but with a grim determination stamped on his boyish face, as he held in each hand a cartridge of the fearful explosive, with the open box below.

As the boy caught sight of his father, his eyes lighted once more; and he cried faintly: "All right, father; they couldn't pass. I—I—," and overcome by the fumes of the materal that he had held so long, he tottered and reeled, but caught himself so that the cartridges should not fall, when the father reached him, and, bearing him in his arms, took him downstairs, and, placing him in the cart, drove quickly home, after leaving directions to have his the convicts marched back to the post.

The rest of the story is soon told. The boy was soon brought safety out of his swoon by the surgeon's skill, and after recovering from his headache told his story. It seems that when the shots were fired, the guard on top went to the railing to look down, when he was pounced upon by Hogan and knocked over. In the struggled the guard's gun fell to the pavement without being discharged. It was very unfortunate for Hogan and his men that this was so, as they had no arms to overcome the brave boy, who soon showed the material he was made of. Quickly running towards the box of dynamite, he took up two cartridges and called out to the advancing three: "If you come any nearer, I'll throw these down with all my might. It will kill me, I know, and blow up the fort, but I do not care; my papa said you were to stay here, and I was to watch you." Thus he held them at bay for the hour that followed. In telling of it he said: "It made me feel bad that you might be killed if I used the dynamite, papa; but I knew that you wanted me to stick to my post, and if we were both of us killed in doing our duty, then dear mamma would not feel so bad as if we should be killed in any other way."

The story was told and repeated by the soldiers of the captain's company with many embellishments, and the post commander sent a special report of the affair to the general commanding department. In a week from that time a letter came from the general himself to the brave little soldier thanking him and commending his bravery, and the same night, as the sunset guns roared good-night, there was read out a general order to the troops of every post in the department which recounted the bravery of one little boy, and how he struck to his post.—*Fort Monroe, Va.*

### The Fatal Wedding.

Roselands was an ideal Southern home. Roses twine luxuriantly around the fluted columns of the stately balconies, shook their fragrant petals into the open windows and rioted in the old-fashioned garden, where they proudly crowded the more modest flowers into the background. The lap of the fair mistress of the beautiful home was full of the fragrant blossoms, whose coloring vied with that in her blooming cheeks. It was defeated in the contest, for her complexion was that faultless pink and white so seldom seen outside of the great masters' pictures. Gold red hair and eyes of forget-me-not blue combined to finish that faultless picture, painted by the great Master's own hand.

Her face betrayed supreme indifference as she played with the flowers, tearing the petals apart one by one with the tips of her white fingers. She talked with the man who sat beside her in the perfumed recesses of the balcony. But within her heart indifference had no place—it was full of an absorbing, passionate love her for compsnion, and an impatient questioning as to why he still refused to yield to her fascinations and offer her his heart and home.

Roselands was a handsome place, but Forestoak was grander by far. But ambitious as she was, Marion Ardry would not have desired the home without its master, who, she felt certain, intendend to ask her to leave her father's home to come and reign over his. Why, then, did he delay?

A score of times the words she longed to hear were trembling on Douglass Hampton's lips, yet had never passed them. He was a weak man and knew it, and he feared that Marion, the stronger of the two, would assert her supremacy, once they were safely married, and he would be a secondary figure on his own domain.

Yet his afternoon he had come over to speak, for her beauty fascinated him, and appealed so to his sense that he determined to cast forebodings to the winds and possess this perfect specimen of womanhood, whose looks and tones had revealed more than once that she was his for the asking.

But while he dallied, still loath to give up his freedom, the old butler respectfully approached his mistress with a card upon which were a few penciled lines. He had scarcely delivered it, when a slight girlish figure, clad in a clinging gown of soft, black material, ran out of the house and threw herself before Marion's chair.

"Dear couin Marion, you will be a sister to me, will you not? I am so lonely and sad," she cried pathetically, tears dimming the light in her soft brown eyes.

"Yes Lucile, of course I will be kind to you," Marion answered, a little impatience betraying itself in her voice at this untimely interruption of her tete-a-tete. "Please get up. Why did you not let us know you were coming? Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Hampton.

The young girl rose from before her cousin's stately form, feeling somehow as if a hand of ice had been laid on her. Turning, she caught the look of wondering admiration in Douglass Hampton's eyes and blushed until Marion, taking her hand, led her to him, saying:

"Lucile, this is one of our best and oldest friends; you will often see him at Roselands as he is our nearest neighbor, also."

"Yes, indeed, Miss Lucile," responded Douglass, taking the little hand outstretched to meet his own. "Marion and I are like brother and sister, and you must like me for her sake."

The heart of Roseland's proud mistress sunk at these words, and a strong foreboding of ill came to her as those two began to talk together, evidently feeling some bond of sympathy between them. Lucile had been left an orphan several years before, but, although Marion's father was her guardian, she had never been at their far-away Southern home. Now school was over for her, and acting on a sudden impulse, she had come on to the place which was to be her home, without informing the family of her intention. Surely she was an unwelcome guest! Scarcely a week had passed during which Marion had no opportunity of being alone with Douglass, before she discovered that little, childish Lucile, had accomplished in a few days what she had failed to do in years—had won the heart of the owner of Forestaks and had bound him to her with bonds, soft as velvety petals of the rose, but strong as steel.

Too proud to betray her bitter disappointment, Marion concealed it in her breast, where it stung and rankled, until a thought sprung up, horrible and detestable even to its creator at first, but gaining influence over her each day until she could not face it without loathing herself. In the meantime the others fell deeper in love and at the end of one brief month were betrothed lovers. What depths of hatred, of madly burning jealousy, were in Marion Ardey's hert as she congratulated her cousin upon her speedy comquest of the "wealthy Mr. Hampton."

"Why, Cousin Marion, I would love him just the same if he hadn't a single penny!" and Douglass, coming up at that moment and hearing her words, caught her in his arms with such a look of passionate devotion that then and there Marion ceased the inward struggle and went over to the enemy.

No one could have been kinder or more generous than she. The petite bride-to-be was poor, but Marion bought prodigally of the finest cambrics for her trousseau, and while the lovers, blind to all but themselves, idled in the rose gardens or drove through perfumed country roads, blissfully happy, Marion sat at home stitching dainty garments for Lucile.

Every one praised her love and devotion, little guessing why she worked so steadily.

The wedding day dawned full of sunshine, and the old house, gayly decorated for him whose love she would have risked anything, the husband of her cousin, Marion gayly led the way to the bauquet hall. The busy waiter had already filled the goblets with wine, and the young hostess who had slipped into the room and surveyed it before the guests came in, was fully satisfied.

"To your health cousin, and to your everlasting happiness!" cried Marion gayly, lifting her glass and smiling at the bride. Lucile, bowing her thanks, lifted her goblet and drank half its contents, when Douglass intoxicated by his happiness and moved by a spirit of mischief, snatched if from her hand and drank the rest.

In the laughter that followed none noticed that Marion turned pale as death, and rose as if to forbid him to touch the wine. Her agitation was artfully concealed by artfully spilling her own wine upon her gown and she rose to repair the damage.

For a few moments in the privacy of her own room, she gave way to a perfect frenzy of despair, then, composing herself again, she joined in the revelry, and was the gayest of the gay.

Soon, however, the bride, complaining of illness, slipped away, and Douglass feeling also a strange sickness, followed her.

At the end of half an hour, as they did not return, a servant was sent to bid them prepare for their departure.

He returned, pale and horrified, unable to speak. With shaking hearts, the guests crowded to the room and there, writhing in death agonies lay Douglas Hampton and his fair bride.

Although frantic efforts were made, it was too late for mortal help to avail. The destinies of these two whom God had joined together, were still united, even in death. But she whose hand had wrought this deadly wrong was found in the hall below a raving maniac. For many a year she lived an inmate of a private asylum, where she enacted over and over the scenes of the great tragedy in which she played so fearful a part. —*Chicago News.*

### He Returned the Compliment.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate. "I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years had married. They meet at a party. She had changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart."

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

### RASH DECLARATION.

"I never heard a young girl say, as young girls are often fond of saying," observed an old lady on the summer boarding house piazza, "what sort of man she will marry, and what sort only, that I do not think of certain speeches to which I myself have listened from pretty lips before this. A school friend of mine so held New Jersey in detestation that she tore its map from her geography. She used to say that nothing would induce her to marry a man who was a widower, or wore a wig, or lived in New Jersey. And the man of her choice was guilty of all three of these enormities. I used to talk over my future with two cousins. I would not marry a business man, I said. Kate would not think of a clergyman, or Carrie of a farmer. And we married respectively, a business man, a clergyman and a farmer. It is all like a smart young American 'help' in my grandmother's kitchen, who was wont to declaim to us children on the scorn in which she held all men, always winding up her denunciations of the sex by: 'No, I wouldn't marry any man that walks on two legs.' And she didn't. She married a one-legged man!"—*N. Y. Times.*

### Mistaken Hospitality.

Some hosts entertain the guests with so much energy and are so extremely conscientious about providing amusements of various kinds that they are completely worn out by the time their friends leave. They dread having company, because it implies to their minds a vast amount of fatigue and exertion. Such people have but one idea in regard to hospitality, namely, that it consists in killing the fatted calf, which they proceed to do in every sense, and with great thoroughness. Indeed, they offer up as a sort of holocaust to the time, comfort and convenience of the entire household, so far as the individual members of it will permit themselves to be sacrificed.

All this is a mistaken notion of hospitality, and often proves burdensome to the guest as well as to the host. Unless a person is extremely unobservant or extremely selfish, it will make him very uncomfortable to find that every one is put about simply for his convenience, and the feelings of unrest which pervades the household will communicate itself to him also. A guest cannot feel at home where every one is uncomfortable and all the ordinary arrangements are turned topsy turvy. If an atmosphere of self-sacrifice fills the air the stranger within the gates will inhale it, and he, too, will be in the prevailing mood.

### The Cuban War.

Notwithstanding the great military efforts made by the Spanish government during the past six months to subjugate the Cuban insurgents, the latter seem to be as strong and resolute as ever. There have been frequent engagements, each side in turn sustaining reverses or securing victories, but General Campos, although his army has been repeatedly reinforced from Spain, has not been able to tempt or force the Cuban to a general engagement under such conditions as he, with the skill of an old compaigner, is steadily seeking. He has now probably 60,000 of Spain's best troops in the field, but their great numerical strength is more than counterbalanced by the very large number of prostrations from yellow fever, and other climatic causes. On the other hand, the Cubans, who fight guerilla-fashion instead of in masses, have nothing whatever to fear from the climate which is deadly only to the foreigner—not the native. At the present outlook, there is little expcetation of the war reaching a close this year. The insurgents, numerically much inferior to the enemy and not nearly so well armed, are compelled to fight as guerillas, and it is by adopting this method of warfare that nearly all victories against the trained troops of Spain have been won.—*Christian Herald.*

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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*"He's true to God who's true to man:*
*Wherever wrong is done*
*To the humblest and the weakest*
*'Neath the all-beholding sun,*
*That wrong is also done to us,*
*And they are slaves most base,*
*Whose love of right is for themselves,*
*And not for all the race."*

THE article which we reprint from the New York *World* should be read and heeded by all parents of deaf children. It is a lamentable fact, that parents, and the public also, lose sight of the mental training in their admiration and wonderment at the ability to articulate a few commonplace sentences. At the outset, parents greet the first efforts and successes at spoken words as proof conclusive that their children will eventually be able to converse as hearing children do. In how many cases these delusive hopes have been shattered, it would be vain to attempt to compute. But the truth does not dawn upon them until it is too late to be remedied, and the retarded mental growth is ever after a matter of regret that parents must bear sorrowfully and their children suffer from throughout their whole lives. Enthusiastic oral teachers are inclined to give too much attention to speech-teaching to the neglect of mental training. They think more of the results in school than of the results after school is ended. Oral teaching alone, is too narrow and repressive. A combination of the manual and oral methods brings out the highest results and the greatest permanent benefits. This is now shown by the testimony of parents themselves, and the deaf owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet for his manly exposition of the wrongs done in the two special instances which he mentions.

But wrong as it is to make the deaf victims of a narrow prejudice, it is a still greater wrong to prevent further efforts to secure a higher education at Gallaudet College. The work of the college as shown by its graduates, places the question of its efficiency beyond dispute. No student's ability to speak orally is ever injured by the college course, but on the contrary special effort is made to keep it up and improve it. Like all the "combined" schools, the college upholds the oral method in every case where it is not detrimental to the best interests of the pupil. That is the broad platform upon which all the most intelligent deaf people unite. Progression, not repression, is the motto of the deaf.

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THE change made in the educational methods of the school for the deaf at Portland, Me., has, under the efficient management of Miss Taylor, the Principal, proved a blessing to the deaf children of the State of Maine. It inaugurated a new era of progress and prosperity which promises to continue. The Board of Educational Commissioners, after an extended investigation of the results of pure-oral teaching and of education by means of the "combined system," (manual and oral), decided that "more flexible methods" were needed to do the most good to the greatest number. Before this investigation the Portland school used only the oral method. After the investigation, the "combined system" was decided upon as the best, and all reports since its adoption proves the wisdom of the committee of investigation. Another step forward has been made in the provision of a building as a dormitory, so that those pupils who were boarded around in private houses can now be kept together in one building, which will certainly enable a closer attention on the part of their teachers to the manners and morals of the pupils of the school. The following significant statement in reference to the change in the educational system will bear repeating: The oral work is continued with as much success as when it was used exclusively, but in addition they now "not only help the pupils to talk, but give them something to talk about;" in other words their mental culture is not neglected in order to practice speech-culture.

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As will be learned from a perusal of the article from Iowa published this week, two or three bills will be before the next State legislature, having reference to deaf-mutes. The chief of these is to provide for the establishment of an Eastern Iowa Institution for the Education of the Deaf. We presume, as in former years, the people connected with the school at Council Bluffs will have something to say in the matter. If it is proven by facts and figures that many of the deaf children of the State are neglected or unable on account of the distance to attend the school now in operation at Council Bluffs, the legislature should certainly make proper provision for them.

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### THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—As soon as I had accepted the Chairmanship of the National Association of the Deaf, I wrote to the Secretary of the Trunk Line Association for information, etc., at the same time I informed him that the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf would very likely hold its next annual meeting the same week the next National Convention was to be held, so that its members might be able to attend the National Convention too. I also asked him if he would give the National Association the same rate of one cent per mile he had given the Pennsylvania Society for years. He replied that "the reduction of one cent per mile, on card orders, was a *special* rate which applied to the Pennsylvania Society meeting last year on account of its being a *State* meeting, but for a meeting of a *National* character, the only rate that could be authorized to apply to all sections of the country would be fare paid on one-third certificate plan." He also informs us that the usual concession, which is full fare going and one-third returning, will be granted, on condition that *at least 100* persons who have traveled by rail to the meeting, shall be in *attendance*.

We intend to ask certain persons to find out and inform me what will be the probable attendance by rail from certain sections of the country: (1) from Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Parkersburg, and East thereof, except in New England; (2) from New England; (3) West of Buffalo, Pittsburg and Parkersburg to Chicago and St. Louis; (4) West of Chicago and St. Louis; and (5) South of Ohio and Potomac and East of Mississippi River. Who will offer to inform us of the probable attendance by rail from these sections? As soon as we have heard from them, we will announce their names, so that those who propose to attend the Convention may notify them of the same. Then we will make a formal application to the Trunk Line and other Associations.

Our object in writing this for publication is to correct the wrong impression that nobody except those living in Pennsylvania can buy tickets at the rate of one cent per mile, distance traveled.

In conclusion we wish to say that last November we requested the President of a leading institution in the city to allow the National Association to have the use of its auditorium, and he replied that he was sure the Board of Trustees would be happy to place the auditorium at our service, and would lay the matter before the Board this month and notify us of their action. The Auditorium is considered the finest hall in the United States and can seat 1500 persons.

We cannot make any further progress until we know the *exact* date of the convention.

R. M. ZIEGLER.

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Miss Katie Streiner, a former pupil of the New York Institution, died at her home in Brooklyn, on Friday, December 13th. Rev. John Chamberlain administered the sacrament of holy communion, just before her death. She was a good Christian and the only comfort of her invalid mother for many years.

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BORN.—In New York City, on December 10th, 1895, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zorn.

# OUR DEAF.

## How Shall We Educate Them?

### DR. E. M. GALLAUDET

**Presents New Testimony in Favor of the So-Called "Combined" System as Preferable to that Advocated by Prof. Alex. Graham Bell.**

*From the New York World, Dec. 15.*

Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, of the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington, writes another interesting article in reference to the controversy in the deaf-mute world as to the merits of the oral method of education as compared to the oral and manual method. Dr. Gallaudet is the son of the late Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of the deaf-mute school at Hartford, Conn., the 108th anniversary of whose birth was the occasion of a dinner in the city recently.

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The article on the education of the deaf, published in the Sunday *World* early in September, has called forth two letters from parents of deaf children having a most important bearing on the question of methods, which has attracted much public interest of late.

This question, the readers of the *World* are well aware, is whether the oral method should be used to the exclusion of all others, or whether a combination of the oral and manual methods may not secure the greatest good of the greatest number; and they will remember that in my former article I argued strongly in favor of a combined system.

The following letter is from a gentleman living near New York City, whose son had been for thirteen years in a pure oral school, and had never attended any other. This school, it must be understood, is conducted on a purely oral basis, and is one of the oldest and is the largest of its kind in the country:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 7, 1895.

"DEAR SIR: The article in the *New York World* some weeks since leads me to address you.

"My son, twenty years old, was in the graduating class at the Institute for improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, Lexington Avenue, New York City, last spring.

"I regret to say that his case sustains your postion regarding the value of oral teaching alone.

"His teacher regarded him as the smartest boy in his class, and if my statement is of any value, from a general knowledge of his classmates, I think the teacher was right.

"Notwithstanding this, he is unable to understand any one, or to make himself understood outside of his own home circle.

"Until a year or two past, I had viewed the oral method alone as most desirable, but have since then been compelled to take the same views you so ably expressed in your article. This led me to look towards the college at Washington as my only hope of ever making my boy self-supporting and happy.

"I received the most discouraging treatment from his teacher and the principal of his school regarding this move.

"That left me but one person of influence whom I thought could help me in the matter—to wit, the same Alexander Graham Bell whom you mention, and of whose influence I had good reason to feel secure. Of course he denounced the idea in unmistakable terms, which did not convince me, however, and which I did not fully understand until my eye fell on your article.

"But to the point. My afflicted son is the oldest of five children. I have no means except for daily needs. I understand that the Government supports a very few scholars during their course at your institution. If that is so, how can I get my son appointed as one of those few? Or is there any occupation in the way of helping about the institution by which he could work out his board while studying?

"He is strong and willing and of unimpeachable morals. No one could know him without loving him.

"Any word or advice from you would be gratefully received by his parents."

### A MOTHER'S TESTIMONY.

The following letter is from a lady belonging to one of the most distinguished families in New York State, who resides not far from New York City:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1895.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have just read your article on oral instruction for the deaf, and I thought possibly my experience in educating my daughter by that method might interest you, and that you might be willing to give me some advice, very much needed now, in regard to her further education. She became deaf from meningitis at the age of five. She was put under the instruction, or rather guidance, of Prof. Bell, to whom I am greatly indebted for the preservation of her voice, which now, at the age of seventeen, is remarkably good for a deaf person.

"And yet it is not perfectly intelligible to any but members of her own family or intimate friends. Neither can she read the lips of strangers with facility; and after ten years of most expensive instruction in this country and in Europe, I am forced to the conclusion that your theory is correct: that the combined method is the best. For these reasons chiefly: so much time is given to voice drill and lip-reading that the general education obtains but limited consideration.

"Another reason is the eye-strain required, the intense attention required to catch the meaning from the lips of the ordinary talker. Of course the family open the mouth very much and speak with great deliberation, and there is no doubt that in the family circle Mr. Bell's method is valuable, but in the world at large it has but little value to the ordinary deaf child.

"I do not think it worth while to discuss the extraordinary child, who has sometimes a marvelous instinct rather than skill to catch one's meaning. It lies in the realm of mind-reading, or what is called second sight.

"What I most deplore in my own child's case is her lack of deaf friends. She has been deprived of their society in order to compel her to use her voice, and she is terribly lonely. She longs for her own kind. She feels an antagonism to hearing girls, whom she often finds selfish, and if compassionate she resents this also. If happiness is the end to which we all try to attain, then surely the deaf should be encouraged to associate with each other.

"My daughter lives in the world of books. She is extremely intelligent and manifests decided literary talent.

"She is industrious and ambitious for a higher education. Is your college open to her?"

Testimony such as is offered in the foregoing letters, by witnesses than whom none can be found more competent or trustworthy, certainly sustains fully the contention of the advocates of the combined system, that some of the deaf, and some even of the most intelligent, cannot be best educated under the oral method alone.

It would, of course, be unjust as well as unscientific to say of either of these case *ex uno disce omnes*, and to demand that the oral method should be abandoned. But it is not unreaonable to draw from these cases the conclusion that many deaf children will fall short of success in speech, and therefore that those schools which employ no method besides the oral must of necessity fail to secure the best result possible with all their pupils. And when it is known that several such schools exist to-day in New York and New England, the serious question arises whether those schools ought not to be required to make their methods broader.

### RESULTS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Twenty-five years ago, when the advocates of oral teaching for the deaf in the United States opened the first school on that method, they did not hesitate to condemn the older schools because they taught no speech. These schools have long since all introduced the teaching of speech, and have proved that they can succeed in this as well as the purely oral schools. Much more than this, they have proved that the aggregate results of their work are of greater value than those of the oral schools.

Most conclusive testimony in proof of this is given by the action taken last year by the authorities of the School for the Deaf, in Portland, Me. This school had been carried on for sixteen years as a purely oral school, when the Committee of Management found the results unsatisfactory. They determined to make a personal examination of the two leading schools in New England representing the pure oral method and the combined system.

The Clarke Institution at Northhampton, Mass., is beyond question the best oral school in America, and is equal to the best of its kind in Europe.

The American School, at Hartford, Conn., the parent school for the deaf in our country, may be taken as showing the best possible results under the combined system.

The Portland committee, composed of men of the highest intelligence, made careful examination of these two schools, and in their report said:

"Since the return of your committee from an inspection of the schools for the deaf at Hartford and Northampton, constant thought has been given to the question of how to increase the efficiency of the Portland School for the deaf."

* * * * * * *

"Being now able to examine understandingly the condition of our school, and to compare the results which are apparent here with those which we have seen accomplished elsewhere, your committee have to report that, in their opinion, broader and more flexible methods should be employed."

* * * * * * *

"Heretofore the purely oral method of instructing the deaf had prevailed in our school. It was found upon close investigation that many of the pupils had failed to make satisfactory progress in the acquirement of general knowledge under this system. Hence it was thought best to make use of the combined system, so called, in which speech and lip-reading are taught as far as possible to all pupils, some of whom are taught wholly by the oral method, but in which general instruction is largely imparted through the medium of signs and the manual alphabet. This is the method pursued in nine-tenths of the large schools throughout the United States."

*Out of 10,027 deaf children under Instruction last year (1894) only 972, or less than 10 per cent, were in pure oral schools.

A similar investigation of methods has very recently been made by the School Board of Minneapolis, where a school for the deaf has just been established, and the decision there was to adopt the combined system.

### PROF. BELL'S "PROPAGANDA."

In my former article I spoke of the "propaganda of oralism," now being sustained by Prof. Bell and his friends, as "dangerous." In the first of the two letters above quoted it will be noticed that writer says Prof. Bell "denounced the idea in unmistakable terms" of his son's coming to the college at Washington, and that the boy's teacher and the principal of the school took similar ground.

These partisans of a method used all the influence at their command to prevent an intelligent deaf young man from securing the higher education, for no other reason than that the college to which his parents wished to send him does not limit itself to the use of the oral method exclusively. And when it is stated that the principal of that same school has not only done his utmost to prevent other pupils of his from entering the college who are now successful students therein, but has refused to give them the necessary preparatory training, forcing them to secure this in other schools in New York, it will be seen that the policy of the Lexington Avenue school is open to serious criticism in this resport.

### SUCCESS AT WASHINGTON.

That the education afforded in the college at Washington is of great practical value to the nearly five hundred young people who have been its students, is shown by the marked success they have had in actual life.

Its graduates have been able, in spite of their deafness, to enter upon a great variety of professions and occupations, from which they would have been shut out but for the education they have received at the college. They have became teachers, editors, clergymen, lawyers, publishers, draughtsmen, architects, recorders of deeds, bank cashiers, chemists and assayers, merchants and skilled farmers. One has lately been appointed to a professorship in a university for hearing young men, where he lectures orally with success; another is eminent as the State Botanist of North Carolina, and some have even become postmasters, city treasurers and town councilmen.

The orally taught deaf boys and girls of New York and New England are entitled to receive the benefits offered to them in the college at Washington by a generous government, and that few of them have hitherto availed themselves of these advantages is due to the mistaken, not to say prejudiced, attitude taken by their teachers.

The facts and testimony set forth in this article are given to the public through the courtesy of the editor of the *World*, in the hope that a knowledge of them may lead many parents, in spite of advice to the contrary, to secure for their deaf children, as the writers of the letters quoted above have done, that advanced training so easily attainable at Washington which is practically denied them elsewhere.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET.

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### WALES.

GLAMORGAN MISSION TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The last of a series of public meetings in aid of the funds of the above mission, of which Mr. L. Gordon Lenox, J. P., is the general honorary treasurer, took place last Tuesday morning, at 10.30, in Bethania (C.M.) Chapel, Maerdy. The meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Griffith Thomas, ex-manager. The speakers were Mr. W. J. Hughes, Ton; Mr. W. Edwards, and Rev. E. Rowland, the missionary. Miss Morgan, the mistress of the new Deaf and Dumb School, signed the Lord's prayer. At the close of Mr. D. James, of Pontypridd, proposed a vote of thanks for the loan of the chapel. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock, another meeting took place in Trerhondda Chapel, Ferndale, which was filled with an audience of about 2,000. Mr. Walter Jones presided. Stirring speeches were delivered by Rev. D. G. Williams, Tabernacle; Rev. W. S. Charles, Mr. W. J. Hughes, etc. Mr. Rowlands, the missionary, in the course of his interesting speech, which was delivered to the deaf-mutes by signs, and read to the audience by Rev W. Charles, said:—No one is free from trouble and suffering in this world, and I have been through very trying ordeals. Fourteen months ago I was suddenly knocked down on a country road, and the cart-wheel going over my foot disabled me for a while; and last April I had to figure in a Cardiff police-court for holding to that which I believed to be a man's honour; and the worst trouble I have had for 26 long years was the consequences of what? Young men, I tell you. It was that of my disobedience to my pious mother, who tried to stop my marrying one whom she foresaw would not make me happy. I held to my choice, like Samson of old. I told my parents, "She pleaseth me well;" but I am thankful that I have not had Samson's end by having my bones broken. I hope that all of the young people in the gallery will always look before they leap, and take care whom they marry. If they once marry wrong, then it may go wrong with them for a lifetime.

Little Hannah Morgan signed the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Thomas Jones, of Dowlais, acted as interpreter between the deaf-mutes and the speakers. Collections were made at both meetings. The deaf-mutes were hospitably entertained at both places. Much sympathy was shown with Mr. Rowland's mission work over a large area. The collections, considering the trade depression, were liberal.—*Glamorgan Times, Nov. 29.*

### FROM IOWA.

*Dubuque Telegraph, Dec. 5, 1895.*

Prof. De Coursey French has made a report to Governor Frank D. Jackson in regard to the Eastern Iowa School for the Deaf. For the past seven years the school has been carried on by him. Eighteen pupils have been connected with it, besides Linnie Haguewood, the deaf, dumb and blind girl. Several children from the outside had to be refused admission for want of accommodations. It has been supported by contributions, fairs and exhibitions. The amount raised in the past seven years for its support has been three thousand two hundred and eighteen dollars and forty-eight cents.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For Seven Years From 1888 to 1895.

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1888–89, donations | $279 50 |
| 1889—Nov. 23, contributions | 154 00 |
| Dec. 26, exhibition | 250 00 |
| 1890—April 3, deaf-mute fair | 525 00 |
| 1891—Nov. 9-21, deaf-mute fair | 475 00 |
| Dec. 1, outside contributions | 158 90 |
| Dec. 1, contributions, Dubuque citizens | 220 00 |
| Dec. 1, other contributions | 126 13 |
| 1892—Dec. 1, fair and contributions | 494 70 |
| 1893—Dec. 1, contributions | 330 00 |
| 1894–5—Dec. 1, contributions | 205 25 |
| | $3,218 48 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1891—Dec. 1, bank statement | $1741 53 |
| Dec. 1, bank account | 347 00 |
| Dec. 1, other accounts | 100 00 |
| 1892—Dec. 1, support of school | 494 70 |
| 1893—Dec. 1, expenses for school | 330 00 |
| 1895—Dec. 1, support of school | 205 25 |
| | $3,218 48 |

During this time Mr. French started and carried on the school for the benfit of deaf and dumb children in the city and vicinity. He also organized a Sunday school for religious services for all the mutes. A deaf-mute society was organized for social amusements and information. He held fairs and exhibitions for the benfit of the school. He also established the *Deaf-Mute Critic* for the benfit of the school and deaf-mutes in general. It was sold to another party, and has been changed for other purposes.

Mr. French drew up three petitions; two with preambles and resolutions. One was endorsed by the Dubuque Board of Trade, and the other was endorsed by the Dubuque Board of Education, asking the representatives in the General Assembly to secure the passage of a bill to establish the Eastern Iowa School for the Deaf. The third one was a general petition for the same purpose which was circulated in nearly all the counties in Eastern Iowa. It is signed and endorsed by many leading and public spirited citizens in each county visited. He made the trip at his own expense, and besides getting names to the petitions, he got many names of deaf children who had never been to school before, learned their wants, condition and circumstances. During the trip he came across three children who are deaf, dumb and blind.

Mr. French drew up four bills which he had introduced in the last legislature, as follows:

One to establish the Eastern Iowa School for the Deaf, and asking for an appropriation of $40,000, introduced in the Senate by Hon. Craig, of Allison; and in the house of Representatives by Hon. James McCann, of Dubuque.

One is to incorporate the deaf-mute manual alphabet in all the text books of the State for the benefit of future generations of both the hearing and deaf children, introduced in the Senate by the late Hon. Isaac Baldwin, of Caucade, and in the House Representatives by Hon. James McCann of Dubuque.

One is to establish a home for the aged, infirm, and indigent deaf-mutes, on the plan of the home for the blind at Knoxville, introduced in the Senate by the late Hon. Rea, of Grundy Center.

And one is to provide for the education of deaf and dumb children in Eastern Iowa at Dubuque, and asked for an appropriation of $10,000 per annum for its support. This latter bill was introduced to provide for the school in case the first regular bill failed of passage. It provides for rented buildings, a local or resident board of trustees, and is to be carried on until some future action of the legislature.

Mr. French has done all this work without any pecuniary benefit or pay for himself for all these years. He has done the work for the benefit of others in his condition. To teach one deprived of the senses of hearing, speech and sight, is very peculiar. It seemed to be an insurmountable barrier between light and darkness. Yet he has accomplished it in the case of Linnie Haguewood, who was very apt to learn. The method was by the sense of feeling. It is a wonder how letters and sentences could be conveyed to the mind of one in such a condition. Yet it has been done by him. Now she is able to spell many words and sentences on her fingers. She is delighted and enjoys it immensely. She has also learned to do some sewing, and to do some household work. It remains to be seen whether the next legislature will provide for the school or not, so those deaf and dumb children as well as others can have a school nearer home in Eastern Iowa.

### PORTLAND, ME.

NEW DORMITORY FOR DEAF AND DUMB PUPILS.

*(From the Boston Globe.)*

PORTLAND, ME., Dec. 14.—The dormitory for the school for the deaf and dumb, in this city, is rapidly approaching completion. The last legislature appropriated $16,000, and nearly $19,000 has been expended, and the total expediture will go beyond that figure before it will be completed and furnished, which will be about January 1st, when the State authorities will turn it over to Portland school committee.

Miss Taylor will have charge of the school, assisted by a matron and other officers of the institution, making a family of seventy, not including the servants. There is no fear that the next legislature will object to the increased expenditure over the appropriation, as these wards of the State are objects of tender care, and the State is not likely to fail to do everything possible for them.

The dormitory will consist of four large rooms, each furnishing accommodation for 14 pupils. There will be a very marked difference, and it is believed a very great advance over all similar dormitories in this respect. While the 14 pupils will be in a certain sense together, a space has been partitioned off about each bed seven feet high, and in that way while all of these little rooms are open at the top, they are actually rooms, with hooks and shelves, and each pupil will feel that he has so much all to himself. It is believed that this will be found to be a very marked advance over the system in force in other dormitories. The rooms are long, but rather narrow, and these small individual rooms are ranged along each side.

Then the larger and smaller boys will be kept in separate rooms, and in the girl's department the same system will be observed. The third story of the old part of the house will accommodate the smaller children from 5 to 6 years of age. The schoolroom will be as at the present time in the Spring Street schoolhouse.

The work has been largely under the official oversight of Hon. E. Dudley Freeman of the council of Gov. Cleaves, and Gov. Cleaves has taken a deep personal interest in the work as it has progressed. Appropriate opening exercises will be held about the first of January, when Gov. Cleaves will turn the building over to the Portland school committee.

Miss Taylor has been in charge of the school two years, coming from the Philadelphia school and succeeding the late Miss Barton. Under Miss Barton it was a purely oral school, but when Miss Taylor took charge the combined system was adopted, and the change for the better is remarked by everybody who visits the school, and the general verdict is that the change in the system was the best thing possible.

Under the present system the oral is not neglected by any means, as much time being given to articulation as under the old system, but now the special aim is to improve the knowledge and language of the pupil, in other words, not only to help him to talk, but to give him something to talk about.

The corps of teachers of the school now includes some of the best to be found in the country, and it is an institution in which not alone the citizens of Portland, but those of the State at large must feel a deep interest. It is believed that the addition made to the present building will add greatly to the efficiency of the school.

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### From Trenton, N. J.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Inclosed is a years subscription to the JOURNAL. We have just quietly celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage, we having been united by the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, December 5th, 1870. On account of my health, which has not been good lately, I did not have a large gathering, only my immediate relatives making up the company; but had my condition been better I would have had a large party of deaf-mute friends.

We received numerous and very nice presents of silver and other things, of which the following is a correct list:

Silver cake basket, butter dish, spoon-holder, sugar and cream jugs, butter knife, sugar shell, toothpick holder, match-box, thimble, two silver encased pin-cushions, six silver tea-spoons, three silver tablefpoons, six silver knives and forks. And the following other useful and miscellaneous articles. An oak sideboard, eight fine linen towels, a couple of fine drawn-work napkins, a best linen table-cloth, one worked linen sideboard scarf, carving knife and fork, a two quart covered pail, pair of woolen stockings, a plush table cover, and a marbled bronze parlor clock, (eight days).

A spread of cakes and chocolate was served at 10:30 P.M., after which the guests returned home. Three generations of relatives were present. PORTIA.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## Prof. Hotchkiss Lectures on "The People of the Valleys."

## THE FRENCH "BARON" VISITS WASHINGTON.

## Brevities.

*(From our Washington Correspondent.)*

Prof. Hotchkiss delivered the third in the series of Faculty lectures taking for his title, Friday evening, "The Israel of the Alps." It gave the pathetic history of the Vaudois or Waldenses, called also Valdenses or Vallenses, the "People of the Valleys," living in a small part of Italy (22x18 miles) among the Alps. They claim to have descended directly from the primitive Christian Church, and retain the custom of it intact. This would be very easy for them to do, since they live much like the mountaineers of North Carolina, who preserve the very speech and customs of their forefathers. The creed of the Vaudois is much like that of the Presbyterian Church of to-day, belief in the inspiration of the Bible, free salvation through Jesus Christ, and above all, faith working by love. Their motto was:—"Lux Lucet in Tenebris." Some writers claim they are not the representatives of the Primitive Church, but are a sect founded by Peter Waldo, of Lyons, France, in 1170. But discussion on this point was omitted in the lecture, which undertook a review of the thirty-three persecutions the Vaudois suffered at the hands of the Catholics during 600 years from the 12th to the 18th Century, when, several times, their numbers were reduced by massarce from 20–25,000 to 3,000 or 4000 people, and once all were sent to exile in Switzerland in 1686.

By the testimony of their Catholic persecutors, they were acknowledged to be upright and godly people with no faults, always striving to copy Christ, so much so that some said if there was anyone of whom it could be said he neither slanders, swear, lies, steals, etc., he is a Vaudois and must be tortured.

When Innocent VII, asked Louis XII, to send armies against them before he had heard their defense, Louis replied: "Though I were at war with Turk or the Devil, I would hear what he had to say." On hearing the testimony of the innocent, godly Vaudois, he said: "These brave people are better Christians than we," and called them the best Frenchmen in his realm, dismissing his soldiers. But it seems that the very purity of their lives helped spread their "false creed," so in 1486, all good Catholics were called to war against them. Eighteen thousand regular troops, with a swarm of cut-throats, robbers and assassins, responded. The Vaudois took refuge in a cave on Mt. Pelvoux, opening on a platform reached by precipices. But they were pursued, a fire built on the platform before the cave's narrow mouth, and over 3000 perished. And so the tale went on: not a rock, which was not a monument of death; not a meadow, which was not the scene of an execution; nor a town, but had its score of martyrs. They were frozen to death in the mountains, they suffered exquisite torture rather than reject their faith, gunpowder ignited in their mouths, quicklime poured in gaping wounds, or bodies torn away piece by piece.

Often the interviews before torture were touching from the display of trust and steadfastness. One plain farmer, Stephen Brun, on being asked to go to mass and so save himself for the sake of his wife and five children, replied: "Those who do the will of God are my family."

"But do you wish to make your wife a widow, your children orphans?"

"Christ says I will not leave thee, he is the husband of faithful souls, and an immortal Redeemer is better than a husband who can die," was Stephen's answer.

"But you can postpone your death by going to mass."

"I only hasten death to my soul."

"But are you not afraid of the punishment which awaits you?"

"Christ says: fear not for the body, but rather fear Him who can burn the body and soul in hell."

When they told him he was to be executed, he said: "Now is my liberation sure."

When they led him away to death, he said: "It is life to which you lead me," and for hours he suffered by slow fire.

In another case, a pastor of Lucerne, so utterly without fault, that when his execution was decided on, the chief executioner and his assistants cleverly escaped the job, and the pastor escaped for lack of an executioner.

Again and again treachery was practised on the unsuspecting Vaudois, but at last, what was thought to be a real peace was agreed on, and to show their confidence the Vaudois allowed soldiers to be quartered in each village; the result was a terrible massacre, scarcely 1200 remaining from thousands, and they were banished. Cromwell interfered here and made an indignant protest against the despicable treachery, besides giving the people aid in money and food. Milton wrote from this massacre his ode, "Avenge, Oh Lord! Thy Slaughtered Saints." After three years of exile they once more returned, and finally, by helping Louis XII against his enemies, gained peace for themselves in their faith.

Tuesday, "Gallaudet Day," we too shared in honor to that memory. Prof. Draper summoned the whole college out on the campus near the Gallaudet Statue. We formed a linked circle about the statue and signed the following verse, the last of the poem he sent to the New York gathering:—

"So here they meet, clasp hands, and joy to render
Homage to him whom they can ne'er forget,
To bless with humid eyes and accents tender,
The generous, saintly soul of Gallaudet."

Then the circle drew together, and over the campus rang thrice the beloved college yell.

Here and there one reads of "Baron" Griolet de Geer on his tour. He has visited us now, and the French students had a chance to puzzle over his card:—

"Ernest Griolet—Missionaire des Sourds-Muets Francais, Membre Correspondant du plusieurs Societes de Bienfaisance."

"Baron" Griolet has seen five pupils of Abbe de l'Epee, among them Sicard. In talking about his travels he seemed particularly proud of having shaken hands with Mrs. Paulin, the first pupil of the Philadelphia School for the Deaf. He seems to think the schools in Russia for the deaf surpass those in America. They are under the personal patronage of the Czar and Czarina, who give them presents of money, handsome clothes, etc. Since many of the pupils come from poor peasant families, after they leave school and go back to the poor fare, they grieve incessantly for the fine clothes the Czarina gave them at school.

There will be plenty of attractions during the holidays. The Saturday Night Dramatic Club will give two comedies on the 21st, Zeigler, '82, is booked for a reading of "Macbeth," or a lecture on "Noted sayings of noted men," to be delivered on the 27th.

Roberts, ex-'83, has also been invited to lecture, but declined. Then will come the ice palace and rink at Convention Hall, the Princeton Glee Club, Monday evening, and Friday Mr. and Mrs. Fowler are to chaperone a "co-ed" party to Albaugh's to see "Trilby."

Among those who are to leave for a holiday visit home, are Misses Kershner, Watts and Elsworth. Miss Phelps will entertain her father and brother, and Miss Stemple's sister will visit her.

Miss Watts received a short call from her father on his way to court at Martinsburg, West Va. He brought with him Judge Smith, Chief-Justice of New Mexico, who will accompany Miss Watts to her home.

Senator Walthall, you know, used to be on our board of directors. He resigned for the short term, and the *Post* contains the following concerning Senatorial courtesy:

"When Senator Walthall returned to the Senate, Senator Vilas voluntarily offered to surrender his place on the board of visitors to the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, of which Mr. Walthall had been a member when he left. Other senators also offered him his old places, all of which he declined."

Babu Banerji was again visited by the Nikambes on Saturday. Mr. Banerji is planning some holiday trips of investigation of different schools for the deaf. He has receieved a very cordial invitation from Supt. Westervelt, ot visit Rochester, where he will probably go.

Rev. Koehler preached at Ascension Church, Thursday evening.

Mr. Adams is trying to arrange three divisions in "gymnasium" work: Upper classes, Freshies, and Ducks.

The co-eds are organizing a first and second team for basket-ball, and will use the regulation ball.

Fellow Clarke heard Paderewski, Wednesday.

Announcements of the marriage of Mr. Howard and Miss Mickle have arrived. Also dainty boxes of wedding-cake to '97. Congratulatory telegrams were sent off on the wedding-day by the "co-eds" and '95.

Mr. Regensburg has forwarded a request for a picture of the co-eds to go in the "Woman's Edition" of the *Exponent*.

New French books.

Examinations!

Merry Christmas!

LAURA MCDILL.

# FANWOOD.

## The Girls' Cooking Class Cook and Enjoy a Dinner

## WITH CADET OFFICERS.

## Visitors, and Other Notes of the Past Week.

*(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)*

On Friday last the young ladies of the morning cooking class were given an examination, which, judging from results, was eminently successful, and indicates the practical value of the cooking course. The examination consisted in the preparation and serving of a course dinner, which was enjoyed not only by the girls themselves but by the cadet officers, who were especially invited guests on the occasion. The menu was as follows:

MENU.

Creamed Tomato Soup
Potato Salad
Roast Turkey Mashed Potato
Boiled Onions
Cranberry Sauce Biscuit and Butter
Corn Starch Blanc-Mange
Coffee

Dr. Philip G. Gillett, President of the A. A. P. T. S. D., was present on the occasion, and stated that the viands were deliciously cooked and pleasantly served.

Next week the afternoon class will go through the ordeal, it is hoped, with equal success.

To show their appreciation of the action of the Principal, in extending an invitation to dine and also of the successful attempt on the part of the young ladies to prepare a dinner, the cadet officers transmitted the following communication to Principal Currier, which I give in full as an indication that the boys of Fanwood are leaving nothing undone to secure for themselves the title of gentlemen:

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1895.

PRINCIPAL CURRIER:—

We, the undersigned cadet officers, desire to express our thanks to you for so kindly inviting us to dine with the young ladies of the cooking class.

The meal was a credit to the girls, and we will show our appreciation by good behavior and doing things to the interest of the Institution.

Thanking you again, we are very thankfully yours.

James Belch, H. F. Beck,
Herman Lamm, H. Prinsinzing,
Louis Cohen, J. Burke,
Emil Mayer, Eli Ellis, Jr.,
John Keiser, E. V. Moeslein,
Morris Marks, R. H. McVea,
Henry Muench, James Avens,
E. Rappholdt.

The Fanwood Literary Association's last meeting of the term was held in the chapel last Saturday evening. President W. G. Jones presided.

The first thing on the program was a debate on the following question: "Has the rotation system proved a success in deaf-mute education?" Messrs. Losey and Lamm on the affirmative, and Messrs. Keiser and Beck on the negative, were the debaters. The judges were Misses Bertha Spahn and Alice Judge and Mr. J. A. Elflein.

The debate was at times spirited, but the supporters of the affirmative, considering that they are from the 8th Grade, and the supporters of the negative from the Academic Grade, ought to feel complimented, as the judges, at the conclusion brought in a verdict in favor of the affirmative, 20 to 12 points. This has happened before under the auspices of the Literary Association. It is always the side that prepares beforehand that succeeds in a debate, and in this case it was seen that the debaters of the Academic Grade had not prepared for the debate. Perhaps these young boys thought they had a cinch, but they found out their mistake, and I presume that they will not be caught unprepared a second time.

Mr. P. J. Kiernan was called upon to give a summary of the current news, after which the meeting adjourned.

When Mr. Edmund Lyon, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, visited the Institution in November last, he asked certain questions and called for the reproductions of a story after three minutes' reading. The pupil presenting the best paper was to be the recipient of a prize from Hon. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart, President of the State Board of Charities. John H. Keiser is the fortunate winner. John E. Losey and Josephine Blaum presented papers nearly as good.

John H. Hogan was the winner of the Stewart prize of last year.

There is no question but that this action of Mr. Stewart will prove an incentive to the deaf pupils of New York State to make more earnest endeavor to acquire the ability to express themselves in graceful and correct English phrasing.

The following is taken from the *Silent Worker*, and is from the pen of Mr. Robert E. Maynard, of Yonkers, N. Y., a graduate, of this Institution:

Principal Currier may well look back with pride on his former pupils. I cannot record the case of a single one who has not attained and retains a high position in the vocation he is following. Also they are prominent among the intelligent class of the deaf. Nothing could more prove the substance of this remark and of the success attained than to see his former pupils filing into the matrimonial line. No less than seven have, within a very short time, been married, and within the next few months others will follow. In each instance the bride has been a schoolmate. Mr. Currier my have more success as principal than teacher, but to these young couples he will ever be dear as teacher only.

There has been a great deal of criticism showered upon the action of Principal Currier in prohibiting the pupils under him contesting in foot-ball games with outside parties and teams. This means that foot-ball has received its death at Fanwood.

However just as the criticism may be, I heartily favor the stand Mr. Currier has taken. When pupils enter into the game with that utter carelessness and dare-deviltry that characterizes fiends; when they have "football" on the mind to the exclusion of their lessons; when they neglect or are too lazy to attend to the proper care of their physique; when their football field resembles the valley of the river "Nepperham;" and when parents desire their sons to have a good education, it appears to the thoughtful and conservative person that the fairness of his decision can not be questioned.

I know Mr. Currier personally to take a great interest in the game. But the State pays for the pupils and pays Mr. Currier to see they receive the best care, and in executing his official duties no one can blame him for acting as he did to secure safety to limbs and bodies of "his boys."

NOTES.

The small vault where for over twenty-five years, or longer, Mr. John Shotwell used to keep kindling wood to make officers' and teachers' grate fires, and also store fruit and other things, has been converted into a coal bin for storing soft coal. Mr. Shotwell whenever he passes it casts sorrowful glances toward it. Many of the boys of Fanwood of a generation ago, will no doubt be able to understand what this means. Though past the three-quarter century mark, Mr. Shotwell is yet well and hearty. No one during the past quarter century ever knew him to be sick, indeed it seems that farm work agrees with him. Talk about the weather, why he still is able to give many points on the approach of storms, blizzards and the like. He still is a great observer of the heavens. He takes no stock in weather bureaus or newspaper indications, as he still has confidence in himself. This is no pun. Mr. Shotwell is still Fanwood's weather prophet. The young aspirant for the honors, Tutor Shanks, has given it up, as he can't hold a candle to "Prophet John."

Dr. P. G. Gillett, of Jacksonville, Ill., the President of the American Association to Promote Speech Teaching to the Deaf, whose duty is to visit schools for the Deaf in this country and Canada, arrived at Fanwood last Thursday. The next evening he inspected the drilling of the boys, after which the cadet officers were put through the manœuvres of marching by Mr. William H. VanTassell, the chief tutor of the boys, and so well did they go through the various military manœuvres that it completely captured the doctor's enthusiasm, and at the conclusion he asked all the boys to join him in applauding.

The stereopticon lecture last Sunday evening was on the Holy Land. Views of Christ and the land of his birth, together with many interesting points of His life's work, were shown.

Mrs. E. A. Hodgson has been enjoying a visit from her two sisters, one whom is on her way to California. Miss Florence Jones, the youngest, will spend the winter here.

Owing to the intense cold weather, work on the New Trade School Building had to be suspended for a few days last week.

Michael Dalto, four and a half years old, from Brooklyn, N. Y., is the latest to be admitted to the Kindergarten.

Miss Alice Pease and Mr. Ira W. Tyler visited friends at Fanwood last Sunday.

Examination began Tuesday, December 17th.

Christmas Recess begins December 21st and ends January 4th.

The cold weather of the part few days—skating.

Merry Christmas!

A. QUAD.

### Honoring Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet.

A beautiful dinner of sixteen in honor of the Golden Anniversary of the Wedding of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, was given by Miss Gertrude Cochrane Walter, on Thursday, the 5th of December. The flowers used were yellow chrysanthemums for the ladies and yellow roses for the men. The feature of the dinner was a superb wedding cake, on the top of which were two hearts, bearing the dates, 1845–1895, transfixed by golden arrows. Mrs. Gallaudet chose the piece of cake that happened to contain the gold coin. All spent a most enjoyable evening.

# COLUMBUS.

## The Aid Society's Fair a Success.

## ADDITIONAL LAND FOR THE HOME.

## A Few News Notes.

*(From our Regular Correspondent.)*

The ladies of the Aid Society have reason to feel gratified over the fair and social given by them last Saturday. Although no very extensive arrangements were made, yet what little they did prepare in the way of aiding it along was well done, and those who spent the evening with them had no reason to feel disappointed for want of amusement and attraction. There were only two tables for the disposition of articles, not counting the fish pond. One was for the sale of candy, and the other contained fancy articles of needlework bric-a-brac, etc. Of the latter, the sales were fair. Among the articles was a pretty tidy contributed by the Ohio ladies at Gallaudet College, Miss Runck did the crocheting work on it; which gave evidence of her skill in this line. Mrs. Daniel Hartnett purchased it. Miss Cassie Smith Warren also sent down something—four tape measures done up in little brass pigs. They were a curiosity and much admired. As last year so this, the stock of candy on hand soon gave out, and had the quantity been twice as much, it could all have been disposed of. It would be best next time to have a large supply on hand, for the young are great patronizers of the toothsome sweets. Many were disappointed that they could not be accommodated when they came up with their nickel. The fish pond, too, did a thriving business—the first-supply of articles did not last long, and another load was sent for and sold. Miss Long hit upon a happy idea to increase the Society's funds, and succeeded admirably. She secured a doll, and every body was given a chance to name it at five cent, per guess. $5.50 was the amount secured by this means, and the night watchman of the institution was all smiles when notified that his name of the doll was the right one.

There were not many deaf present from out of town. The only ones we noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Willing from Plain City, and Mrs. A. W. Mann, accompanied by her daughter, from Gambier. Mrs. Mann remained over several days Most of the deaf of the city were on hand. The members of the society did everything to make the occasion pass off pleasantly. About $30 above expenses was realized from the affair.

The deal whereby the Home secures additional land has been consummated through the Executive Committee of the Board of Managers, and the property is now the association's. $1,000 was paid for it. It comprises fifteen acres having a five-room cottage upon it, barn, orchard, and best of all, a well of water, which was greatly needed, as other property was minus this, rain water being used for all purposes, when the college was in operation. Shortly after the deed had been made out, another party came along, and offered $100 more than the association had paid for it. The next step now to be taken will be the putting of the property into shape, so that it can be used by those for whom it is intended. This will require some outlay. The board will also have to be cautious in one matter, and that is providing ways and means to keep up the establishment, when once opened. When these matters are accomplished, the Home will be opened. How soon that will be, we are not in a position to state. It will be delayed no longer than is necessary.

The Annual Report of the Trustees and Superintendent of the institution was presented to the Governor Monday. We hope in our next to furnish a few of its main points.

Snow on the ground of a fair depth has furnished pupils amusement, as well as giving the fortunate possessors of sleighs the pleasures of sleigh riding behind jingling bells.

Mr. Thomas Goldsmith returned this week from Pittsburg, whither he had accompanied a drove of hogs in company with a stock-dealer of Grove City.

Mr. C. W. Charles is showing Institution people a photograph of the students at Gallaudet College 1895—96. The picture is much admired, and is especially interesting because of Ohio's representation there.

The Deaf's best benefactor and friend, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet! Long may his name endure! The anniversary of his birthday in this country should be celebrated in all our schools for the deaf in some befitting manner, and thereby have pupils become better acquainted with the man who was the instrument of giving them the means of education. Mr. Zorn, whose turn it was to conduct chapel services Tuesday, the 108th anniversary of Gallaudet's birth, happily chose him for his subject, and gave the pupils a brief sketch of his life, which greatly interested them.

Basket ball is now the rage of the boys during evening play hours and Saturday afternoons. They have organized two clubs and are being drilled by a soldier from the U. S. Barracks, Burton Dehart.

Several of the ladies employed in the bindery are taking a vacation on account of a lack of work. There will be more to do a little later when the legislature meets, and when the annual reports from the various State officers and institutions come in.

It is reported that Mr. Joseph Leib has been taken back in Hayden's rolling mill, and is working at different kind of work and at less wages than before. But half a mite is better than no mite, especially when it is difficult to secure work of any kind.

Dec. 14, 1865.

A. B. G.

### BROOKLYN NEWS.

A SURPRISE PARTY—PENCILINGS.

"Our Jimmy" had a fine Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. H. Evans. In the evening Tom. Godfrey called, and had a long conversation.

Messrs. Hustins and Schnell are now talking of building a new twenty-five foot cat-boat. They sold their old boat last October. It is said that they are good boat builders.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Taggard spent Thanksgiving day with their parents in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans had a big company on Sunday, December 1st. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. E. Blakeman, of Stapleton, S. I., Mr. and Mrs. P. Tobin, Misses Renwick, Gantz, and H. Henry, Messrs. Godfrey, Adler and "Our Jimmy." A laughable time was spent till midnight.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Blakeman on Saturday, the 7th inst. The occasion was a surprise masquerade party, tendered to Mrs. Blakeman. Many friends from this city were present. Dancing and games were the principal features of the evening. Mr. J. S. Orr captured the first prize at tailing the donkey, Miss Henry got the second prize. Miss Gantz won a prize by throwing a ball into a hat. Many other games were played for prizes. At the time of the party Mr. and Mrs. Blakeman were at the table taking supper. Mr. Tobin, dressed as a tramp, went to the back door and opened it. Mrs. Blakeman looked at him and sent him out. She did not know who he was. Then all of the guests went into the parlor from the rooms upstairs, with great surprise to her. Among those who were present, with their costumes, were Mrs. Tobin, a nun; Mrs. E. Brown, Red Riding Hood; Miss Henry, an old witch woman; Miss Renwick, Aunt Jemima; Miss Gantz, a beggar; Mrs. Evans, an old washerwoman; Miss E. Reed, emigrant; Mr. Evans, Highlander; Mr. Schnakenberg, an old man; Mr. J. S. Orr, a nigger. A collation was served at midnight. At the conclusion of the party, Mr. J. S. Orr photographed the merrymakers by flash light.

The place where Mr. H. A Schnakenberg works was burned down some time ago. Mr. Schnakenberg is now out of work, but he will be called back in a few weeks. His uncle owns the place of business.

Mr. P. Adler, who has been out of work for a long time, is thinking of going to Philadelphia, Pa., to secure a place to work as a tailor.

Many mutes in this city will be present at the Fanwood Quad Club ball, on January 22d.

The meeting of the Brooklyn Guild was postponed on account of a fair at the chapel.

OUR JIM.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES, DECEMBER 22d.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's, in St. John the Evangelist's church, New York.
St. Mark's, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.
St. Mark's, Tarrytown.
The 23d Anniversary of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, New York, will be held in St. Agnes' Chapel, 92d St., near Columbus Avenue, at 4:30 P.M. on Sunday, Dec. 22d.
Interpretation for Deaf-Mutes at the 10:30 service (Holy Communion) on Christmas Day, in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, West 11th St. and Waverly Place.

### Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

20—7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
22—10:45 A.M., and 3:00 P.M., Auburn.
22—7:45 P.M., Geneva.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

### PHILADELPHIA.

*From our Philadelphia Correspondent.*

The Council of All Souls' Club held its monthly business meeting in the vestry room of All Souls' Church last Tuesday evening. Some interesting business was transacted.

On Thursday evening the club held its quarterly business meeting, with Mr. W. H. Lipsett presiding. Some important business was transacted. The reading tables in the club room will be soon supplied with new magazines and weeklies, under the management of the library committee. Mr. Robert M. Zeigler is known to the council of the club as a benefactor. He gave a handsome Christmas gift to the club in the shape of yearly subscriptions to McClure's, Munsey's and Cosmopolitan magazines.

Mrs. Mary H. Rocap was highly honored by the presence of the members of the Pastoral Aid Society, in honor of her birthday last evening. She received a fine table linen cover, a silver oyster ladle, and several other fine articles, from them. They enjoyed themselves, and partook of a nice collation. Mrs. Rocap has the best wishes of those of her friends who were not present.

Mrs. O. J. Whildin, left this city, *via* New York, for Florida last Wednesday. She expects to reach her parents' home on Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Mann held the service at All Souls' Church this afternoon. The church was almost full. Afterwards, the Bible classes were very largely attended. The new arrangement in the Sunday school seems to be much appreciated.

Rev. Mr. Mann is to celebrate the 54th anniversary of his birthday to-morrow.

Mr. Wm. F. Durian and family have removed from this city to Lansdowne, Pa., a very nice suburban town, about eight miles from our City Hall, where they will start a poultry business. Mr. Durian will work at his "case" as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Scott, of Merchantville, N. J., were at the church and the Sunday school this afternoon.

Messrs. C. W. Waterhouse, Lipsett and Tweed, were at the National Theatre, last Monday evening, where "Superba" was enacted.

Tom. Breen believes that No. 13 is an unlucky number, but he was the thirteenth person whom his Sunday school teacher questioned on the day's lesson in the class of thirteen persons, last Sunday. He is now laid off, and is suffering with a boil on his neck.

Mr. Spencer M. Hannold was lately promoted to a better position in the shoe factory where he works.

The earnest Pastoral Aid Society is busily making preparations for the Christmas Festival, Thursday evening, December 26th. All deaf-mutes are cordially welcome. Our kind Santa Claus will treat to a a Christmas gift all children of the deaf parents.

The birthday of Abbe de l'Epee was celebrated by the De l'Epee Catholic Deaf-Mutes Association, by a banquet, on the 26th ult., in Philopatrian Hall. Dancing was then indulged in. It was a success.

Mr. Robert M. Zeigler has accepted the invitation from the Students' Literary Society at Gallaudet College, to deliver a lecture before the society on the 27th inst.

"The Recorder" wishes all readers, and correspondents a "Merry Christmas."

THE RECORDER.

PHILA, Dec. 15, '95.

### Amsterdam, N. Y.

The mutes employed in the mills here are steadily working.

Leo Wasserman's father owns a broom factory. Leo is employed as a book-keeper; and he is well-known to be one of the society-men among the deaf-mutes in this city. Mr. Wasserman, senior, was a post-master for two terms, and his son worked with him in the post-office here during that time.

Your scribe is glad to hear that J. G. Seely again works in the mill at Hagaman.

Mrs. Wm. A. Watts sprained her left hand so badlythat she could not use it for twoweeks.

Miss Ella Steelson has been visiting her relatives in Rotterdam.

His friends expect to see Mr. Lortie again in this city.

Two deaf-mutes were last week seen on the bridge talking by signs. They reside in Troy.

Invitation cards are out, and handsomely printed as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Tulloch request your presence at their "Variety Wedding," Tuesday Evening, December 24th, 1895. Duanesburgh, Schenectady Co., N. Y.

So the writer understands some mutes received the invitation to the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Tulloch's marriage and that they intend to be there.

The writer will say that Mr. Van Allen's explanation has been noted.

KAUXAKEE.

Miss Evangeline Kelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss May E. Weir, of New York, on December 8th, 1895. She is very popular and graceful.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

### THE NATIVITY.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

"Oh, Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

"See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

"He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

"Oh, Zion, lift the raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

—*Thomas Campbell.*

### Santa Claus's Assistant.

It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering a profuse array of toys, stood an unexpected guest. He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark-lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag, and he entered by the window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired, and for the most part were asleep. That is why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

Stealthily he crossed the room, and drawing the portieres silently across the broad doorway that opened into the hall, he slid back the lantern, and lightly a match in its flame, he turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine lay-out. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things nowadays. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much on candy balls and tuppenny dolls, but these silver-plated engines and purses with ten-dollar bills in 'em come handy. Gold sleeve-buttons, too," he added, as his eyes took in a few further details of the scene before him, "an' a gold watch as well. This *is* luck."

And then, as he bent over the groups of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eye glittering with joy at the prospective value of his haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling sound behind him.

With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark-lantern to; by mere force of habit; but it was unavailing: the room was still lighted, though dimly.

"Curse the gas!" he muttered as he turned.

"Hullo!" said a soft little voice from behind the portieres, and at the same moment the curtains were parted, and there stood Bobbie, clad in his night-gown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest.

The man gave a short laugh.

"That's the first time I've been taken for any one that's half decent," he said to himself; and then he answered, in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear:

"Well, not exactly, sonny; I'm only his assistant."

"His what?" said Bobbie.

"Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that I'd just vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus's assistant. You see, my lad, there's so many more children nowadays than there used to be, that the boss had to get outside help Christmas eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me an a few others like me—Heaven help us!—and we do his distributing for him. I'd just laid these things out here when you surprised me."

Bobbie approached the tree.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch, too—just the very thing I wanted."

The man drew back as the boy spoke, and, with a queer light in his eyes, sat down in one of the chairs suddenly.

"Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus's assistant.

"Yes," said the man, "very."

"I'm sorry," said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it.

"Don't—don't do that," said the man, huskily. "It's not—not clean."

"I shouldn't think it would be," laughed Bobbie; "climbing in by sooty chimneys can't be very clean work. Do you know, I always wonder why there's never any soot left on the toys."

"Oh, we takes care of that," said the assistant. "You see, this bag keeps the soot off. But I didn't come by the chimney this time," he added, hastily, observing that there was no soot on the bag either. "I thought the window was easier."

"You're all through, aren't you?" said Bobbie, looking at the bag.

"How do you know that?" asked the man.

"Your bag is empty. Isn't there any one else for you to take a toy to?"

The unexpected guest buried his face in his grimy hands, and a great lump rose up in his throat.

"There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him—and—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

"And won't he get anything?" asked Bobbie.

"No" said the assistant, roughly, rising, and taking a step toward the tree.

"He can have one of mine," cried Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got plenty, thanks to you." He handed him one of the treasures beneath the tree.

The unexpected guest looked at the boy for a minute, and then he slowly reached out his hand took the proffered toy.

"I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and God bless you for it! Good-by, little one. I must be off, or he'll wake up and be disappointed."

He moved toward the door, when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face, said, "Won't you take a kiss to Santa Claus for me?"

"That I will," said the other, and he bent over, and kissing the child, fled precipitately out through the window, and disappeared in the darkness of the street.

"Well," said the unexpected guest the following morning as he watched his own pallid-faced little youngster playing with the first Christmas present he'd ever known, "that was the rummiest thing. I went out to steal, and the only thing I bagged that wasn't really given to me was a kiss, and I'll see Santa Claus in Hades before I give him that. It was a rich haul, but I think I'll get a decenter job—at New Year's."—*John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.*

### A Young Christmas.

One of the most blessed things about Christmas is that it makes so many people feel young. It is the one season of the year when everybody feels that they can dismiss abstruse thoughts, put dignity aside, forget the worries of the world, and for a time return to their youth. It always seems a pity that men try to conceal this feeling so often at Christmas. Only a few men are capable of being gracefully caught in the act of making a miniature train of cars go over the carpet. Catch them at it a night or two before Christmas, and nine out of every ten will instantly get up from the carpet, brush the dust from the knees of their trousers—for dust will get on the carpets of the best-regulated homes—and immediately begin to apologize. I have often wondered why men resent being caught in this way. But a woman feels differently, and it is a blessed thing that she does.

Some of us have not children for whom we can buy toys or dress dolls. But even then there is always some child whom we can make happy at Christmas-tide, and the very fact that she is bestowing happiness makes a woman feel young. For Christmas makes us happy and young just in proportion as we enjoy it with others and make them happy. A selfish happiness, an enjoyment of our pleasures alone, is no happiness at all. It is like kissing the air. The real delight of Christmas, that delight which brings the color to the cheek and the sparkle to the eye, and the feeling of joy to the heart, which nothing else in the world can bring, is the delight of sharing the happiness of the day with some one else, and making some other person feel as happy as we do ourselves. It is in this that the real essence of Christmas happiness lies.

A Christmas full of joy and glee, which will make us feel like little children, is only possible where envy, malice and hard feelings are forgotten, and where we merge our own happiness into that of others. Then it is that we grow young again. Why should we be ashamed to be like boys and girls again for a day? What means more than the glad happiness of youth? We are happier this year as a nation; let us be happier as individuals, forgetting the world and its worries for a day and being once more as we were years and years ago. The children who see us will be the happier for it, while we will feel the younger because of it. And the feeling of youth will not harm us if it last for some days after Christmas. So to my readers this year I do not say, after the usual trite fashion: May you have a Merry Christmas, but I say: May you have a young Christmas—a day when you may forget that you are forty, fifty or sixty, and feel that you are once more back to boyhood days and girlhood years. Once such a Christmas comes to you it will be the happiest of all your life. And that is the sort of Christmas I wish for each and every one of my readers this year,—the happiest in merriment, the youngest in feeling. —*Home Journal.*

### PLUM PUDDINGS.

POOR MAN'S PLUM PUDDING.

Put one cup of finely chopped suet into mixing bowl, with one cup of molasses and one of milk; seed one pound of raisins, dredge well with flour, and add to this with one cup of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves; use as much more flour as is necessary to make it as stiff as ordinary cake batter. Boil five hours.

WORLD'S FAIR PLUM PUDDING.

One pound each of currants, raisins, suet chopped fine, and brown sugar; one and a half large loaves of baker's bread grated fine, without crust; ten eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; three nutmegs half a pint of brandy; one wineglass of wine. Mix suet, bread, raisins, currants, a pinch of salt, nutmegs and brandy over night. In the morning moisten with a little milk. Just before putting on to boil, add sugar, eggs and wines; work well together, put in a floured cloth leaving room to swell; drop in boiling steadily for four hours.

OLD ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Two pounds of flour, with a few bread crumbs added if liked; two pounds of light brown sugar, one of suet, chopped fine; one and a half pounds each of raisins and currants, one quarter each of candied lemon and orange peel, one-half ounce each of cloves and cinnamon, three nutmegs; juice and grated rind of two lemons and grated rind of one orange, half a pound of almonds blanched and chopped fine, eight eggs, half a pint of brandy. Add enough boiled milk to make of the regular consistency. Boil eight hours in a floured crash bag made with seam outside. Lay an old plate or dish in the bottom of the vessel to keep the bag from sticking to it.

### The Right Sort of Pluck.

Thirty years ago two Irish immigrants employed as porters in New York warehouses undertook to study law. After working from morning until night packing goods, loading drays, and making deliveries, they sat down up until twelve o'clock in reading law books and discussing principles and cases.

The ambitious young men were so interested in their night work that they frequently argued points of law during leisure moments at the store, and naturally exposed themselves to chaffing and ridicule. With Irish wit they parried every thrust and never lost their tempers.

Their companions nicknamed them "Judge," and "Lawyer John," and asked them mockingly whether they thought that merchants would consult them as lawyers after employing them as porters.

"They may do it," answered the "Judge," "after we have worked up a fine criminal practice in keeping out of the penitentiary night brawlers like yourselves, who ought to be in their beds and asleep."

"Instead of loading your drays," said an intemperate clerk, "you stand here arguing whether an injunction could be brought against the firm for obstructing the sidewalk. You are your own lawyers, and you have fools for clients."

"Judgment may be affirmed," said "Lawyer John," "but not with cost. We have borrowed our law books, and we save money by keeping out of saloons. It costs us less to fuddle our brains with law than with drink. A debauch over Blackstone leaves a better taste in the mouth than a night spent in carousing."

So the laugh in the end turned against the intemperate clerk. The young porters knew how to take and return a joke. By their good humor they amused everybody in the store, and it was not long before members of the firm helped them to get clerkships in law offices.

One of them is to-day on the bench, and the other is a lawyer with a lucrative practice. They made their way rapidly, and neither criticism nor ridicule kept them back.—*Catholic Review.*

### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

19—7:45 P.M., Pittsburg, Wedding.
19—8:15 P.M., Pittsburg, Service.
20—3:00 P.M., Youngstown, Service.
20—7:30 P.M., Youngstown, Service and Baptism.
21—7:30 P.M., Cleveland, Lecture.
22—10:30 A.M., Cleveland, Holy Communion.
22—3:30 P.M., Cleveland, Service and Sermon.
22—7:30 P.M., Cleveland, Probable.

Rev. Mr. Mann's address is Gambier, Ohio.

### E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

22—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's Boston.
22—2:15 P.M., St. Stephen's Chapel, Lynn.
29—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
29—2:15 P.M., Advent Church, Lowell.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE.
182 Broadway, Everett, Mass

### THE DEGRADATION OF THE SHOPS.

*From the Michigan Mirror.*

There is probably no circumstance that so effectually retards the growth and usefulness of the industrial training given in our schools for the deaf, that so dampens the ardor of the newly-appointed instructor, and in many instances makes his work doubly hard, as the low esteem in which his position and work are usually held by the other departments of the schools. To offer instances in illustration of this is hardly necessary, for it is not only apparent in nearly every school in the country, but, by a sort of common consent, work in the shops, be it that of instructor or pupil, has been and is considered purely a secondary matter in the education of our boys and girls, and judging from the finished product of some schools, seems to be a means of relieving the other departements from the arduous duties of caring for the pupils for a portion of the day, rather than to give them instruction in those branches of work that are supposed to be taught in our technical or trades schools. In many instances these are such more in name than in fact.

There are three primary reasons for this state of things, all of which are faults that savor more of stupidity than of vice.

The first of these is the smallness of the appropriations usually given for the maintenance of these departments. In many instances what would alone constitute the salary of a teacher in the school room, is larger than the whole sum actually spent in the support of the shops, including instructor's salary, material for work, repair and replenishing of equipment, and all incidental expenses, and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that some of these shops are actually earning money.

Second, and hardly less condemnable, is the action frequently taken by the management of our schools in filling the important positions of instructors in these departments. Any ordinarily good workman is eligible for appointment (as are some makeshifts) if he comes well recommended politically. And even where politics cuts no figure, the importance of the work is measured in so low a scale as not to receive the consideration it merits, and salaries are fixed at so low rate that even if good men were sought, their services could not be retained.

The third and most general fault is the un-American and nonsensical idea that professional work requires more ability and is more genteel than the mastery of any trade. And in some institutions—at one time ever in Michigan—those engaged in teaching trades are held in the same social scale as those engaged in menial work.

What wonder is it then, that our industrial departments have not shown a proper growth, and that the deaf as a class are so often accounted shiftless workmen. It is not any fault of theirs that they go from our school half-taught to find the door of the trades closed to them—and many of them are led to believe they are competent before leaving school—but the fault of the methods by which they are taught, and which are made more ineffectual by such failings as those above enumerated. Let us hope the time will come when it will not be so.

### Sermon and Songs in the Sign Language.

A sermon without words, and a responsive service without a sound, were witnessed in Christ Church Cathedral yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Rev. A. W. Mann, general missionary to the deaf-mutes in the Middle Western States, preached to the deaf-mutes of St. Louis. Probably a more attentive congregation never assembled in the sacred house. Everyone present, with only few exceptions, was deaf. The speaker, that is, he who spoke in the sign language, was himself a deaf-mute. Rev. James H. Cloud of St. Thomas' Mission, who, although deaf, has the power of speech, acted as translater. The services began with prayer, followed by the responsive reading. The congregation appeared to be as thoroughly in touch with the leader as they would have had words been used.

The preacher's text was taken from St. John. It was: "The night cometh, when no man can work." He compared night to death and referred to the many opportunities people have of doing good to their fellow men—opportunities, which, once lost, are forever lost. As the preacher proceeded, Rev. James Cloud translated out loud in meeting," for the benefit of the reporter. Although the sounds of his voice reverberated through the church, no one was disturbed. Speaking in the sign language, the reverned gentleman said: "Wealth is no excuse for idleness. Each must make the best of his or her opportunities. The young should exert themselves, for, as they grow older, the opportunities decrease. To whom much is given, much will be required. According to health, wealth and talents, we must receive reward." He told the story of Lazarus, and painted a vivid sign language picture of the great reward he received in the end. At the close of the sermon, the congregation rose and sang the long meter doxology. Deaf-mutes can sing in the sign language, as well as talk. This music to the eye is said to be very beautiful to those who understand it. After the benediction had been pronounced in the sign language, the congregation did just as other congregations do. Each lady and gentleman sought out friends, and began to be sociable, but the buzz of voices which usually follows the benediction, was strikingly absent. The ladies talked over the news of a week, and the young men joined in the silent exchange of thoughts. In appearance the congregation had nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary one. There were stylishly dressed ladies, and young men who wore big chrysanthemums.—*St. Louis Republic.*

### THE TELAUTOGRAPH.

PROF. GRAY'S INVENTION WHICH TRANSMITS WRITING BY WIRE.

The very latest thing in telegraph instruments is called the telautograph, or long distance writing machine. All the afternoon business men, telegraph experts, newspaper folk and others, filled the rooms of the National Telautograph Company and watched the remarkably accurate record made by the little machine.

It consists of a transmitter and a receiver associated for use at one station. The mechanism of the machine is extremely simple and direct. An ordinary lead pencil is used in transmitting. Near its point two silk cords are fastened at right angles to each other. These connect with the instrument, and, following the motions of the pencil regulate the current impulses that control the receiving pen at the distant station.

The writing is done on ordinary paper five inches wide, conveniently arranged on a roll attached to the machine. A lever is so moved by the hand as to shift the paper forward mechanically at the transmitter and electrically at the receiver. The receiving pen is a capillary glass tube placed at the junction of two aluminum arms. It is supplied with ink, which flows from a reservoir, through a small tube placed in one of the arms. The electrical impulses, coming over the wire, move the pen of the recorder simultaneously with the movements of the pencil in the hand of the sender. As the pen passes over the paper an ink tracing is left, which is always a facsimile of the sender's motions, whether in the formation of letters, figures signs or sketches.

"There is practically no limit to the work that this machine will do," said Manager John H. Bryant, yesterday. "Wherever a record is required it is invaluable. From his office a business man can send instructions to the factory, close by or many miles distant, and have them delivered in his own handwriting. A broker dealing by wire can give quotations and execute orders to buy and sell securities without danger of dispute. A physician can wire his prescription to a druggist, using the code of the profession, confident that no mistake will be made in the transmission. A reporter writing up a fire or an accident of any kind can send to his paper a sketch of his subject taken on the spot.

Supt. Conlin wishing to notify all the police precincts at once of the escape of a burglar could not only do so quickly by telautograph, but he could be sure that his orders were transmitted in his own writing, and an accurate description of the man could be sketched at the same time if necessary."

Speaking of the telephone, Mr. Bryant said the telautograph would become more popular than the former instrument, because there would be no buzzing on the wires and no questions to be asked and answered perhaps a dozen times before getting a definite reply. "This turtle of our," said he "will keep moving along and have your message all recorded before the telephone is through buzzing. There will be no more strikes of the messenger boys, for while we are waiting for the boy to come, the message, written on the machine, will be at its destination. Then, again, a man can go away and leave his machine locked up in his desk. When he returns in one, two or a half dozen days, he will find the messages sent to him by his friends all recorded on the roll paper in his desk."

In cities and towns the telautograph will be operated on the exchange or central station plan, in much the same manner as the telephone is now worked. Prof. Elisha Gray, the inventor of the telautograph, has devoted his life to the perfection of communication by electricity. He invented the musical telephone, and history, his friends say, will give him credit for inventing the speaking telephone and the harmonic telegraph—*N. Y. World.*

Do not take common sense as a guide, but hug a formalism handed down from the dark ages.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.





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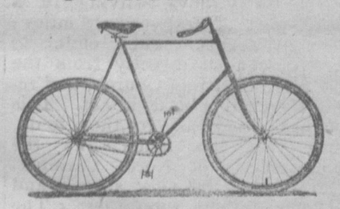
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